AFROBEATS
A POETRY COLLECTIVE

AFROBEATS

Poetry Performance

ORDER OF SHOW

1. INTO THE MADNESS
2. FROM THE BIRTH UP...
3. MY FIRST IMPRESSION
4. VOICES
5. A CORNER
6. THE ONE TEAR OF A JUGGLER
7. HAIR
8. IT BEGAN AT THE ROOTS
9. UNTITLED (Abstract black)
10. UNTITLED (So i stepped back into my soul)
11. THAT MOMENT
12. DAY 1
13. WICKIE DICKIE
14. TECH DELETE
15. BROTHER BROTHER (THE BLACK NATIVE)
16. THOUGHT RECORDER
17. STILL I STAND
18. IN A HAZE
19. LOVE - LOST
20. LOVE - OBSESSION
21. SEE DEEP SEA
22. 8 HEADS

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Double Duty

THE SOURCE 3:00 P.M.		RED LIGHT CAFE 11 P.M.	
1. RUBIX CUBE	MANDINGO	1. RUBIX CUBE	MANDINGO
2. DEEP CENTER	RENEL	2. DEEP CENTER	RENEL
3. ONE	SATANIUS	3. MUTHAFUCKA	JERENE
4. RAT RACE	LUBAYA	4. RAT RACE	LUBAYA
5. VOICES	DEBBIE	5. VOICES	DEBBIE
6. AFTERNOON BREEZES	~~TONY~~ MARVIN	6. AFTERNOON BREEZES	MARVIN ~~TONY~~
7. GOD AM I	JOSHUA	7. GOD AM I	JOSHUA
8. SWEET WATERMELON	SATANIUS	8. SWEET WATERMELON	SATANIUS
9. LOVE LOST	DEBBIE	9. LOVE LOST	DEBBIE
10. WHAT IS	TONY	10. UNTITLED	TONY
11. ON THE OUTSKIRTS	LUBAYA	11. ON THE OUTSKIRTS	LUBAYA
12. WHY ARE WE HERE	RENEL	12. WHY ARE WE HERE	RENEL
13. THE RIVER	TONY	13. ME & MRS. JONES	TONY
14. URBAN PERCUSSION	~~MARVIN~~ JOSHUA	14. I LOVE U SON	SATANIUS
15. THE BLACK MAN...	~~JOSHUA~~ TONY	15. URBAN PERCUSSION	MARVIN
16. ON LIFE	DEBBIE	16. THE BLACK MAN...	JOSHUA
		17. ON LIFE	DEBBIE

Hey momma,
can I get with you
why don't we go back to your crib
and you can call me baby
and I can lie in yor arms
and lay in your chest
and suck at your breasts
to my heart's content
and if I suck your nipples just right
maybe everything will be alright

What
no motherfucker
motherfucker who
I know you ain't calling me no motherfucker
why I gotta be a motherfucker
call me anything but a motherfucker
I just wanna call you mama
and be in your crib
and suck at your breasts
and have you call me baby
didn't say nothing 'bout popping your coochie
no goddammit I don't want you to call me pappy
no I ain't want to be one of your boys
I wanna be your baby
and be in your crib
and lay in your breasts

fuck it
you can't be my mama
don't call me no motherfucker
save that for your white man
the original motherfucker
I'm sure you'll let that motherfucker call you mama
and be all up in your crib
drool on your chest
and call him your motherfucking baby
same as you did with his kids in slavery

you can't be my momma
cause you got the chest but missing the breasts
save that motherfucker shit for some dumb ass nigga
cause I ain't wid it

motherfucker
motherfucker who
bitch calling me a motherfucker
I'll show her a motherfucker
be the best fuck she ever had
motherfuck that bitch

.....baby

A Gypsy's Travels

One time switchin from the Red to Orange line in Mass to the bus Run- fast- quicker- catch...
Word up! Don't have much cash/ Just a mind flash/ 5 nickel trick in effect/ I'm set
Back of the bus is shared with the rug rats, rat-a-tat artists and drug fat-backs
But that's a steroid and mine's is all natural
Anti-asshole evolutionary droid/ perculating in the void
Damn this shit is packed I'm thinking this nigga over here drinkin is stinkin and money over there in his catchin dirt underwear cause his belts around his knees
all up in my grill He's irkin me/ Chill...
Slave mentality arrested with a chain I refrain from...
Surveyin the scene my senses stay keen clockin this clean headed crew spittin the standard machismo- earth dirt to sleezo Oh, can't forget the skeeza. Model number 929HO.
Dukie Bamboos jinglin, fiddlin, gigglin "Oh he so crazy" Metamorphasizin like they had lycanthropy Manifestin wisdom to wicketry-
But who said I'm a jury?
Disconnection can be destruction
I know this so I take notice and try to maintain focus
All these noises make me think about how my fuckin Walkman's broken
Now I'm steamin with smoke It's hot plus sometimes on the bus it's not uncommon to puff/ Especially late at night
Most of the driver's attitude is "No trouble, no trouble!"
But now to inflate my brain bubble
I concentrate on the undertone ruckus
At first I couldn't hear it but momma power got louder
Open lid... It was a mother cold riffin at her kid
A penetrating lesson her basicness was hard-core as she stressed it
Bitin her lip so hard she blead
She said with a gentle shake, "Watusi, don't you be like these niggas when you grow up!!! You be a man... you hear me?!"
Now I'm perplexed cause I was lumped in a foul category but I got her point and it was peace cause I caught balance
Yeah~ There's always opposing forces at work
My thoughts in a positive mist amidst this kamakaze kaos
There's two addicts shootin up
Damn, can't ya wait to get straight without everybody's fingers all up in your plate
Ding ding Thank God- it's my stop. Now I'm out of the frying pan into the pot?

CONVERSATION WITH MR. JOHNSON

Dark shades
bright blue-green polyester suit
and a long feather in his brim hat:

"Age before beauty"
"Age before beauty"

" I done paid my dues
...been working hard all my life."
"I'm a senior citizen-aint no one to take care of me."

(...Hey man give me 5 -dollars)

"win or lose- The game of life.
...you got the concrete jungle,
asphalt jungle,
Blackmans jungle-
Westside story III
...Take a walk on the wild side."

...KKK
3 sheets in the wind
Mutha, fucka and son.
POW! POW! POW!
-and it's done.
(...don't know nothin 'bout that)

(...man 5 -dollars is all I got- can't even get a hit on credit.)

"Now all these young folk, runnin' around here, lazy-
wearing WHITE BOY SHOES."
See all these kids going to college-steppin and pledgin and stuff,
aint nothin but white bread-white on the inside."
HANGIN' ON A 5-MILE ROPE."

"Now I can pity a fool,
but a damn fool- aint no way."

"See, certains things are worse than death.
That's why I wear boots.
The floods are coming and we're in for some muddy waters
- Watch it now!
-and I'll see you on the
Flip side.

Deborah-Michelle.

ON LIFE

LAUGHTER-
seems so far gone
under.

A child at play,
engages in sweet meditations,
imitating the world around him,
entertaining life itself.

Each of us has known sadness.
Sometimes, you look up and see-
the ground.

Yet-
feel it in the air-
a second wind

PEACE.
Let it enter your hearts...
penetrate your minds.

LOVE.
Rivers flowing,
eminating in and out of you and me.

As does the morning sun-
New visions rise over fallen expectations,
breathing new life to forgotten hopes.

And so I invite you to grow with this.
...Although I may feel weary now and then,
I reflect upon meaningful things and
Discover the wonders life brings.

THE RICHNESS,
THE ABUNDANCE,
THAT IS-
JOY.

Deborah-Michelle

PRIMAL MIND

Fire-Earth-Water & Air.
My personal sphere.
Truth-I advocate.
Peace-I illustrate.
However, something other lurks beneath the surface.
I digress-
Deep within my being exists a whirlwind.
Mother's dreams are fading right before her very eyes
My eyes!
Blinded by the confusion.

Grave memories paralyze my brain,
and no one's to blame.

360-degree calibre
If my words remain prisoner.
Can a prophet sing?
I often wonder.

Still, I monitor my sanity.
What-Will I-When and Maybe
Fragments of my judgement fail and escape me.
Earnest, I wait and suffer the storm.
Inside & Outside the norm.

Before the mind was universal it was poetic-
-pure, prophetic and genuine-
the PRIMAL MIND.
I hear a voice speak softly to me:
" Open your mind and seek the words I give you"
Clouds clear the way to realization
... I looked in the water and saw myself.

My mind-My memory
My mind-My reason
My mind-My future
My Sword.

Liberate-
Do it for the words sake
and Free Yourself
Free YOUR-SELF
For them, for me, for Reeaalll this time.
so
Release
Yourself
or it friction
...and do what you know
cause now you know.

Your,
PRIMAL MIND

Deborah-Michelle.

REDEMPTION

" I'm educated and dying of AIDS!"
" I'm educated and dying of AIDS!"
Babylon sheds it's skin for the last time as the prince assumes his position on the throne.
" All destruction a gwan," someone said "...him no stop fire 'til done!"
He maps out his plan as he prepares his wicked scheme of things .
" I need some overstanding a young!" a young girl cries, sifting the heap of white powder as she prepares yet another long draw.
- pregnant for the third time and not an egg to fry
because her BOY-friend just won't learn to be a
MAN
she thinks," Just maybe...maybe if I'd die...
I could experience the ultimate high."
FOLKS-
Followers of Our Lord King Satan.
14 years young/straight A student/shoots a pregnant lady dead/now tried as an adult
- and the only gang he'll ever know is
GANG RAPE.
Reprobate minds, world famine and assasinations.
Mass migrations- Cubans, Rwandans, and Haitians.
Divide & Conquer
Divide & Conquer
Divide...Conquer...Destroy
BABYLON SHALL BE NO MORE
...and wickedness prevails.
White girl smiles a nervous 'I feel your pain'-type grin, as I respond with a 'like hell you do'-type stare.
Being of flesh, I suffer.
I know all too well that these two forces whether live giving or destructive are all too real.
I respect the Allmighty who works in my favor and so desire to be one with Him.
Why this resistance? (if only I had a notion.)
We shall overcome-I believe.
That's what's carried me thus far.
They continue to build highrises
-my brothers' names on each brick.
The black man's college
-Prison that is.
But hold fast, stand firm and be strong.
Do you not know that this day was meant for you.
It has been spoken many times before
-JUDGEMENT
-through one door shall they enter-
(...and they'll party on)
-look at them now-
Too late you've already been told.
(for they too once turned their ears)

Here-
Hold my hand.
I will walk with you, if you let me.
-your hands in mine-
-our strengths complimenting each other.

I am your comforter, saith JAH.
I shared your tears.
I know-
I was there with you.
Your time has come.
This is the day-
REDEMPTION RINGS.

Deborah-Michelle

VOICES

Looking back into the past at least I can say now
I knew.
...and that was only the beginning.
What the future holds,nobody knows.

Where am I going-How will I get there?
How will I know and when?
Questions unanswered,words unspoken.
And voices are in the distance...

Alone now, I hear the echoes of my subconcious meditations moving in on me.
...closer and closer...
and they keep coming...

"SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND"
"WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND"
"EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING HAS ITS TIME AND SEASON"
(if they were dogs they would bark)
"YOU REEP WHAT YOU SOW"
"YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT"
YOU-YOU-YOU
are YOU.

No one to hear this but me and the four walls and they to seem to be closing in.
PATIENCE
and it shall reveal itself...
what was-what is-what shall be-
what-TRUTH

In the darkness I drift from seconds,to minutes to the hour realizing ...
"...and all that time I spent worrying"
And in a forgotten hour it will come to me as
CONFIRMATION
...A dream starts first with a vision and matures with
Knowledge-Wisdom-and Understanding,
but most of all -
IN TIME.

Still, morning comes, the days resume its challenges and Fate seeks the inevitable...
"Who am I" a voice affirms "I am who"
"I am how you percieve me" (a voice of reason)
One solitary voice stands at face with itself...
"I AM"

My Actions-Me
My Thoughts-Me
My Words-Me
and so it shall be...

I Vision-I Seek-I Will
I AM
...and I'll cease running from all these voices in my head and they'll stop chasing me.
In essence I BODY-MIND-SOUL will stand renewed, with a new understanding of the strength and the power that can only come from the voice that is
ME.

Deborah-Michelle.

YESTERDAY

I study the days and nights
seeking discrepancies in the skies.
I listen to vibrations and sense something rather mystical.

I TUNE INWARD

Yesterday's fading
fading ever so quickly.

Scales unbalanced -
weighs, heavy on my mind.
Years go by like days while minutes and hours
become one in the same.

That day draws near, I know,
because I see it on desolate faces
in faraway places,
and in the mistreatment of all other races.
...seems to be a common thread.

I DON'T SLEEP
for illusions serve to temporarily pacify ,
that's all-
nothing else.
Illusions.

A remnant,
I want to be amoung them.
Some soldiers, leaders, organizers and overseers.

Many mountains I must climb,
much trials to endure.
So far from darkness and foward I go.
...and the revolution, well it's already been foretold.
What about all these lost soul?
SPELLS CORRUPTION.

...and the truth still remains a mystery.

I look foward to the day when the meditation shall be one .
...and they speak of guns.

Deborah-Michelle

Deborah-Michelle

WHY ARE WE HERE

Who are we?
Why are we here?
What is our purpose?
Do you know or care?

We are one people
Connected by a color
Binded by a history of -
VIOLENCE
TRAGEDY
HATRED
DESPAIR
Subjected to a cruel insensitive society.

Who are we?
What is our purpose?
Do you know why we are here?
Do you care?

We were stolen from the Motherland
Brought to america and placed on
auction blocks.
We were sold, bought, raped, and killed.
The toils of our ancestors made this
great u.s. of fucking a.

What were they given?
What thanks did they get?

Hoses turned on them,
Tear gas in the face
Dogs set upon them in the streets.

That was then and this is now.
They've used us all they possibly can.
We're outcasts in the land
our people fought for -
They don't even want us here.

Who are we?
What is our purpose?
If you know -
I'll lend you my ear.

Am I Black or African American?
Does it really matter?
Who cares?

I want to be free!
I want to be accepted for me.
I want to be seen for me first -
my color second or last.
Is this too much to ask?

Who are we?
Why are we here?
What is our purpose?
I don't know -
But
I do care!!!

APA PsycNET®
Jerene Cruise

-Jerene Cruise

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Tear gas in the face,
Dogs set upon them in the streets.

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Who are we?
Why are we here?
What is our purpose?
I don't know -
But
I do care!!

-Jenaya Cruise

The Birth (A Tribute to the Blackman)

YOU ARE NOW!
Awaken.

I have made you my own.

From your mother did I
conceive you, retrieve you.

Nurtured by the black soil
and dust of the earth
did I formulate the very
essence of your being

You Are Black. The Work of my Thought.

Travailed in the richnes
of the womb of your
mother.

You are Black.

Calling together the eler

WIND, FIRE, WATER,

Are you Born.

More precious than any
in heaven or in the earth
have you been made.

Born in the image of life
in the image of spirit
in the image of flesh
Did I call you forth.

To be my perfect son.

APA PsycNET®

Faced with a blunt reality
was what my mother told me

when she cried that night
cause I told her I want to be
white.

And seeing that by nature I
have changed and rearranged how
I perceive me then a blunt reality
still I see.

But he that wished to lench and bury
me used TV. to control
how I saw me in the mirror of my mind.

Wanting to take hold of that cold white
flesh and brake free of this disease
known as being me.

Me being black, young and raise
by watching them raise another black
son as if integration was helping
me.

So I also asked moms about adoption
hoping a white man would come and save
me.

Making two generations cry because
I wanted to say good-bye to the black
skin that I'm in.

But it had to happen.
You no it had to happen.

Because I saw myself
through someone else

So it happened.

But I'm still faced with this
blunt reality.

Them still seeing me
as a want-a-bee white
knight, honky or whatever
the case may be, because
my mind is free to be who
I want to be

Tired of them perceiving
me as a carjacking thief
or a drug dealin villain.

Always making me look inferior
on TV. showing me images of
how they perceive me.

Not knowing that there are
360 degrees in this blackness and there
perception can only led to deception

Lockin their doors as I walk by
as I'm some kind of drive-by
shooter.

So now I see,
truly
Who they be.

See the Father of light
gave me the sight

of How these things came
to be

And from the beginning of whiteness
which came from this darkness

the have tried to deceive
you and me.

Faced with a blunt reality was
what my mother told me when T.V.
polluted my sight

But Now that I am older
I've had the chance and told her
"U know what Moms, You were right.

Written By: Joshua Cartie' Pressley III

The Blackman is Afraid

The blackman is Afraid.
Yes, under all that pride
and hardness the blackman
is Afraid.

The blackman is afraid
of walking alone without
a strong black woman at
his side, but he is also
afraid of that same black
woman, because the security
that he had once given he
can no longer provide.

The black man is afraid
Afraid of the siren sounds.
Afraid of the crackle of
gunshots. Maybe that was
my brother this time.
or may it was me. Yes I
am afraid just like you.

Yes, the blackman is afraid
Afraid of walking down
the wrong street at the
wrong time of night, of
being tried, convicted,
and jailed for longer than
he should all because his
skin was a little to dark for
the police to understand
him being there.

Afraid of always being
the suspect and never
the victim.

Never a peacemaker but
always the lawbreaker
Yes the blackman is afraid.

We are afraid because
we don't know what to
expect. Don't know
what's gonna happen next.

They're stealing my kids
and I'm scared

They're stealing my brothers
and I'm scared

They're stealing my women
and I'm scared

So many dead, and wasted
so many lives destroyed, so
many homes shattered and I'm
scared. Don't want to lose it
all can't lose it all and were
scared.

With no way out and were
scared. Wouldn't you be scared
too, if you were hanging on a
rope of self hatred with one thread
left and at the bottom lay Genocide.

Wouldn't you be scared too?!!

Written By: Joshua Cartie` Pressley III

Conversations of a people

Conversations of a people
word of a race, my race.

Electric thoughts consuming
the air, consuming my realm.

Bits and pieces of existence,
experiences of a journey.

There are three hundred
sixty degrees within a
life-force, pick one.

Each one supporting the other
with one lost like
dominoes will we fall.

Three hundred and sixty
parts of an a conversation, of an
existence

Threaded together
by the hand of their true mother
Africa.

All and All expressing that which has
yet to be conquered, the struggle

Conversation of a people.
Never ending until the last
chain has broken and my
people can truly cry
FREEDOM!

Written By: Joshua Cartie' Pressley III

From My Inception to the Answer

From my Inception
I have tried to deny
you.

You know you. The one
who has made me the man
I am today

I swore to the heavens
I'd shed you.

Use you. Never.

Be black and die? Why?

I burned out every end of
you yet the roots still kinked.

I could not understand why
God had cursed me with
the heritage of the motherland.

Never realizing that from
my Inception God had made
me God too.

Mind rooted in slavery. Thinking
that the Renaissance was renewing
me.

Until I looked and saw that my hair
still kinked

And saw no matter how many
times I washed my skin black
was still where black wanted
to be.

So I answered by swallowing you
up. Making me a part of me.

Rejuvenation. Clipping away
the slavery way.

Learning to be you and thanking
you for being me.

Written By: Joshua Cartie Pressley III

Funny Thing (Part I)

Funny thing about life
is that one day a man
like me will be looking
up under six feet
of depression.

Written By: Joshua Cartie' Pressley III

Funny Thing (Part II)

Funny Thing about life
is that each waking day
is only twenty four hours
of memories never to be
repeated.

Written By: Joshua Cartie' Pressley III

God Am I

God Am I
Flowing through my veins

In my blood and in my
very being God am I

God am I
In my step in my
speech in my cosmic
vibe God am I.

God am I
Each and every thought
every word moves in
divine rhythm from carnal
lungs into the are of my realm.

Spreading in my world
until sound return to its
originator.

God am I in every
breath which
comes from the I AM God.

God am I
in my seed, regenerating seed
giving birth to a generation of
the children of God

God am I, child of
the child of God,
generations before I,

Made in the image of JAH
did the first mother conceive
me.

Taken From the Darkness
of rich Mother Earth

Man into Man into
God into Man into
God into God-man

God am I.

Written By: Joshua Cartie' Pressley III

Hay Stranger

WILL WORK FOR FOOD! WILL WORK FOOD!
Thank you sir I really do appreciate it...
Hey Stranger, How are you today?
No I don't want your money I just want
to know how you're doing.

Hey Stranger, you look like the professional
type, do ya know where i can find a job

Look for one you say

It hard to find a job when you ain't got
no place to stay

Hey Stranger
Don't walk away. I haven't asked you
for money or anything. I just want to remember
when I was a white collar worker. Living that
lifestyle, Then struck down by one vicious
blow

EVERYBODY'S DOWNSIZING!
THAT JOB IS NO LONGER AVAILABLE!

Is what I heard and what you may also hear.
I remember how so soon I wish to forget this.

Now why do you leave so soon
All I wish to do is remember
Please let me remember! Let me remember!

Written By: Joshua Cartie' Pressley III

In This depression
time passes slowly

Slowly enough to see
my life slip away

The trails and tribulation
of living are sometimes
worse than death

My brother shot down
for nothing shot down
for any thing, MADNESS!

My sister selling herself
for her god that little white god
that will give her a thirty minute high
and a 24 hour low. MADNESS!

Babies with babies in body
bags. MADNESS!

All my people against themselves
MADNESS!

ALL I see is Depression
ALL I see is Madness
ALL I see is Destruction
ALL I see is Death.

In this depression
time passes slow enough to see
the end.

Written By: Joshua Cartie' Pressley III

Life times 2

Dawning of the day
that my life times 2
is life anyway.

Extending my life
mean my Death times
2.

Two being me plus another
being mother and a daughter

Younger than three and not yet two.
But, two minds consuming her youth.

Destroying innocence with the fullness of wrath
and with an explosion creating an aftermath,
unstable not knowing if I or we will be able
to make it right because we continue to fight
over things of no concern but yet still burn
within our heart because we will not part
in our thought.

So my life times 2 must be
yet within me
I see, what I have become

Less than a man
Less than a slave
One foot above ground
and the other in my grave.

So I must end this
before it does persist
into the end of a beautiful young mind
who happens to mine

And not just her mind but my own

which if we continue will fall into
this battle zone

So from Here to Now my lips are closed
and I understand the life that
I have chosen

And life times 2 which was myself plus two is me
and that all that I want be.

Written By: Joshua Cartie' Pressley III

The Living Drum

Feel the rhythm of the Drum
call your name in all of its sound

It has you at your first swaying.
At your first inkling of rhythm
magnify your heart and mesmerizing
your soul.

Calling you tribe by name, calling out
your ancestry, your history, calling you
and only one thought may enter
AFRIKA.

The Congo Beats and Tobolian drums
bring forth the messages that tongues
have yet to speak so, discreetly placed,
in efforts to open your third eye.

Mind and body displaced, third eye opened
and you are home... away...so far away.

The Living Drum roars within
With divine beats made with
angelic hands.

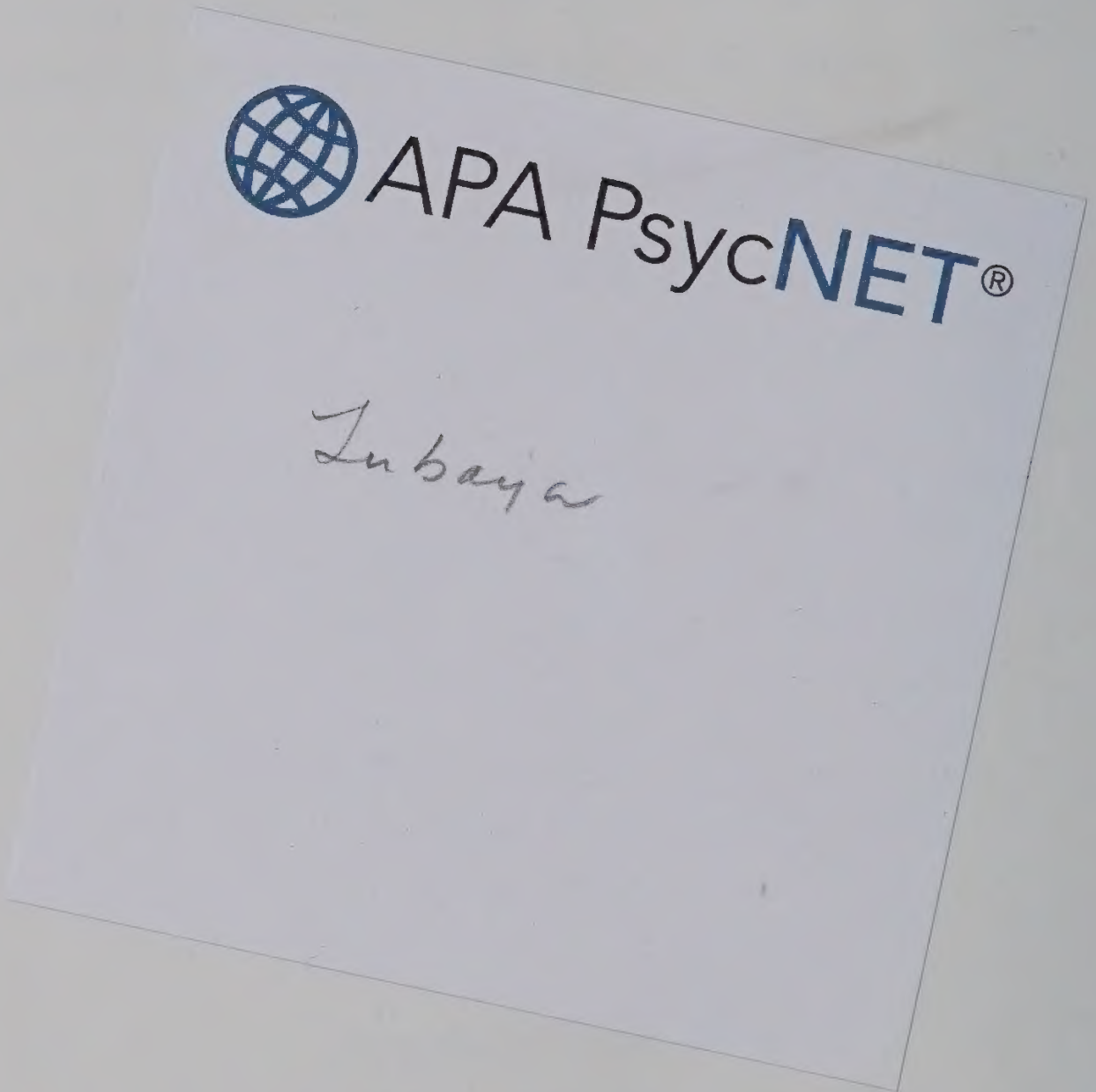
The Living Drum Beats with
all the force your heart can
muster.

Your control is shattered,
Like an earthquake did
The Living Drum burst you
into dance, into rhythm,
into sink with your original
self. The Living Drum
is you and you are
The Living Drum.

Moving with the drum,
Your mouth speaks words unspoken
Your body moves in rhythms unseen
You are the beat, and ever motion,
every sound is a part of your soul moving
at the touch of the drum.

And then, the rhythm ends.
the motion stops. Your eyes open
the third eye closes... The Living Drum
Within sleeps once more

Written By: Joshua Cartie' Pressley III


APA PsycNET®
Inbaya

dandelion

see her,
they say she's her old man's favorite
lays her down every night
like she was forty
but rarely does that keep her from enjoying the sun
she just closes her eyes and stakes high on tomorrow
'cause she knows that you'll help her hang on
so she just keeps on singin'
and closes her eyes to the rain

central park, after dark
home of countless faces
their stares as empty as their dreams
while they lay shivering
the morning rises
and they turn their
to keep from shaming on lookers
'cause the passersby turn their eyes
in guilt of this morning's
breakfast

his hair was turning grey
'cause he was but a young boy
when they got him
and in thirty years,
he'll be free-
if'n death don't kill 'em first
some folks say that
'he hadn't oughta killed dat white man'
but he knew that he just couldn't be that nigga
today

Left hand on his throat
Right hand on the trigger
the rest as they say ,my friend,
is history
Ne'er mind that she was
her old man's favorite
he just closes his eyes to
eternity

Lubaya Moon
@December 1994

dandelion

see her,
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lays her down every night
like she was forty
but rarely does that keep her from enjoying the sun
she just closes her eyes and stokes high on tomorrow
'cause she knows that you'll help her hang on
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Lubopa Moon
©December 1994

Groove Line

Lyric's of satisfication seduces
smiles from wanton faces
Imprinting visions
of images locked in
combat across my mind

Meanwhile i was
dusting off hallucination
with the cool cosmic beats of
misrespresentation- and i
wonder when
groovelines will
become
communal
choking back the bitter nuisance of expaining
recent influence
i asked my races
to "step the fuck off"

offending new found
champions with
the tempo's
of understanding
swing hopes love
too passersbyers

Entwining rays of complication
to the spirit of
falling loves
Advising false hope to all
that dare
Melodic twist
of inspiration cause
me to doubt
their purpose--
Bullying propaganda
smothers my grooveline

"I ain't got yo' money!"
The sound of bones crushing
slap me into reality
The sound of running feet
my heart was in my ears
It was on!
The smell of blood
running,
running
SPEAK CLEARLY INTO THE BARREL!!!
Came the voice of death

Lubaya Moon

in the teeth of a gemini

YES, BABY!
OOOoohhh SSSSSS!!!
Calling me everything
but a child of god
You didin't seem to mind
that i was only eight
What the hey, it was snug enough to hold your imagination
RIGHT???
Oh no, let's not be shy
four thirty a.m.
and your mouth has been places on me
that i didn't know i had
you'll find SYMPATHY in the dictionary between
SUICIDE and SYPHILLIS
'Xscuse me but could you
let loosethat galss dick long enough for me to finish
MAMA, WHY IS THE BABY SICK?!!
LORD ONLY KNOWS!!!
And last i heard there was gonna be a lil' git together
in your honor
by the boys in alabaster drapings
Ol' Billy- Ted- Henry- Bob says
he ain't got enough rope to hang
an evil nigga bastard such as yourself
after all men don't recover well from that sort of" boyhood trauma"
girls kinda expect it
but young boys...
Well, i mean who would think
DAMN, Your own son
Girl, if we didn't look so much alike
i'd never know that we were twins!

Lubaya Moon
[c]December 1994

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but a child of god
Calling me everything
OOOoohhh SSSSSS!!!
YES, BABY!
in the tenth of a gemini

Lubaya Moon
[c]December 1994

My Reality

Silly little niggas
Roll pin size joints
out of their quote - unquote
bags of weed

The stench of cheap marijuana
and clouds of steel
wool
blur my vision

As Jesus in
a bright red suit
with matching patent leather
shoes
tells me that if
i get any blacker
i won't get a
J-O-B

My mama told me
that my life was a
bitch
then parted my
hair and
dyed it
bright auburn red

Hookers in nine inch
heels complimented
me on
my new look

Down the street

opening her door
yet another time
in a half slip and polished
hospital slippers

THAT'S why the
postman never
rings twice

Meanwhile white women
misunderstand
public
restrooms

Pale asses become
a common
sight.

on the outskirts of my memory is where i kept you
behind as much pain as i could muster
but i knew that you were there
closing in slowly
satiating my anticipation and
quenching my needs
until finally like water
your passion washed over me
and i struggled one last time
not to become your possession
dizzy with the scent of your loins
and blinded by ravenous intent
i held on to all
that i knew to be real
and prayed that this night
never happened

Lubaya Moon

Lubaya Moon
P.O. Box 5449
Atlanta, GA 30308

rat race / misplaced faces in spaces that don't know they exist
persist in the midst of city life.
stress and strife
in the distance a man beats his wife
`cause it's the only way he knows to say
i love you

sky blue, morning dew
begins yet another city morn torn in two
pre-dawn review of the obscure spent in hell's cages
another one dies alone while the city rages

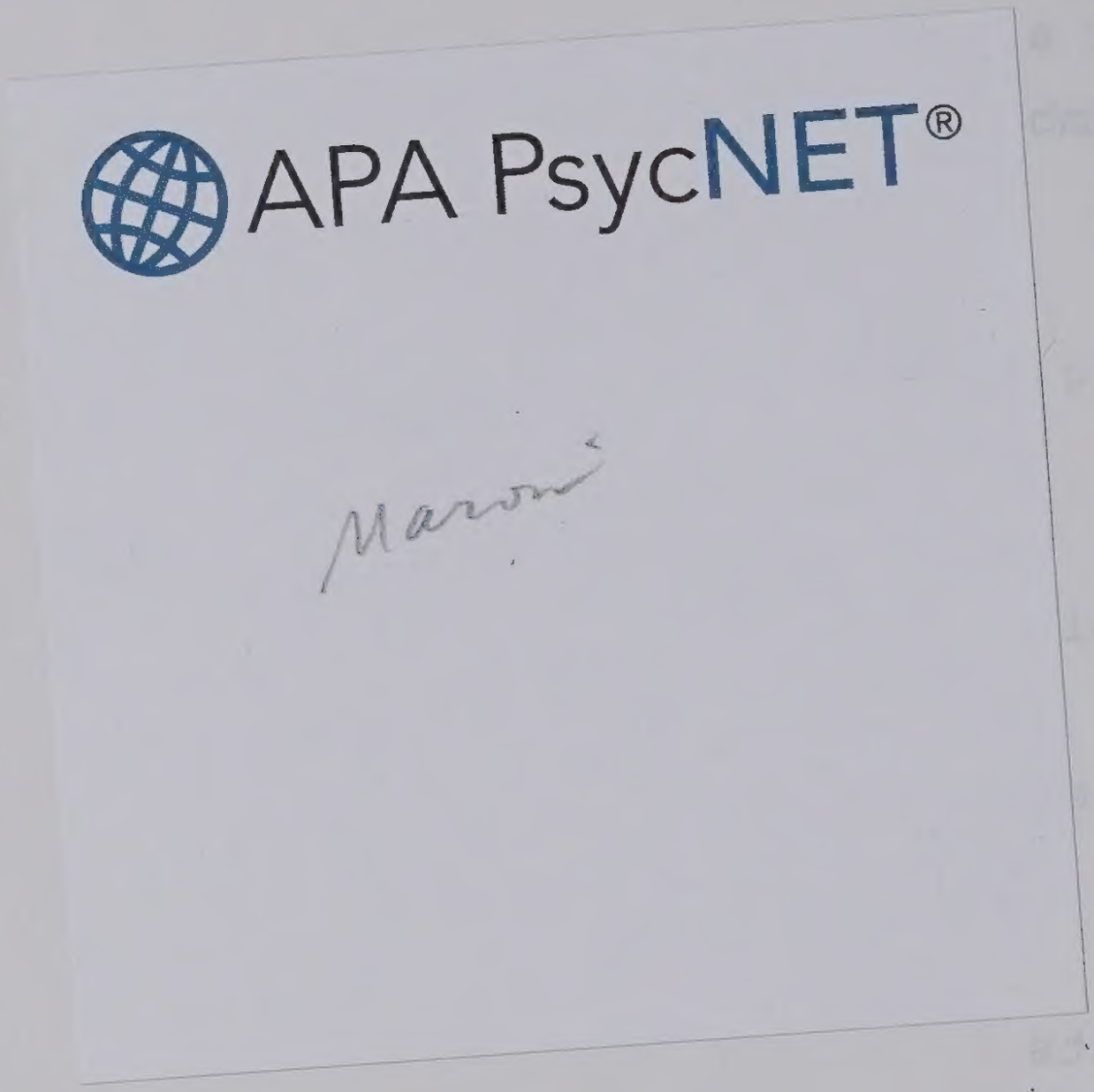
stage is set
"it's got to get better yet"
the words foamed from her mouth
down south side (ten minute ride)
a baby cries no doubt because she knows
that tonite she'll have to do without
mom and dad

how terribly sad!

but wait there's more
look upon the floor
crack'd down whore at
the end of her fears-
neck slashed from ear to ear
but still no one hears
the baby's tears
now quietly seeping
while the city lay sleeping

What is the --Matter

Tripped
on a piece
of logic
when it dawn
on me
that i was being
followed by a man
with a pink thumb
He was sniffing
the air
claiming he smelled
the funk
of blue notes
Struck rather stupid
i caught myself
opening up my senses
and inhaling
his smell.
Invaded by thoughts
not mine his
I saw his precious notes
wrapped in gold tones
Blinked my eyes thrice
and demanded
to know why
he berated me
with such problems
Bliss
Danced a little jig
and smothered a
chuckle
i asked
him one more
time to complain.


APA PsycNET®

The Adventures of
Rufus and Mary Jane, Part Three:
Blues on the Corner/Ghetto Heaven

Rufus footed down
those Pittsburgh streets, to that
thwainckety-thwainck bijibownbown beat, with his
brown polyester bells and tight turtleneck to match, a
superfly in the buttermilk lookin' for a good time--
tripped on a hemp-colored platform shoe
And broke the rhyme.

Mary Jane posed at the bus stop
sharp as a Dizzy trumpet lick
in herbal green threads,
puffin' on a cigarette stick,
Dangling.
High as a kite,
about to take flight to
ghetto heaven.

{Metaphysically}

"Hey, jack,
got some time on your hands?"
she asked with static lips.
"Naw baby, my name ain't Jack. But
if you ain't careful, I might have
you
on my hands."
And he stroked her hips.

Sirens screamed like trumpets...

{Astrologically}

"Babywhatsyosign?
Leo's mine. And that makes me a lion.
But, I ain't lyin' to you when I say
I dig your figure."
(the fault is in our-
selves not in our
stars
that we are under)

Lingering in the azure above
(where Coltrane blows his sax)
were the wispy white strokes
of an abstract artist
amidst floating Cadillacs.

The yellow and green figurines

on a toy carousel in a shop window
spun around and
around and around
and...

Sirens screamed like trumpets...

{Dually}

"Baby, let's split this joint
and go some place more private."
And with a finger that beckoned
like a wispy aromatic curl, that girl Mary Jane
lured Rufus into the redbricked shadows
of an abandoned alley.

Slyly, she took Rufus' hand and
rolled up her dry, grassy hair
in a paper-thin white band.
Then, she pressed her mouth to his, to a
divine golden spark
lifting him in a dizzy
psychedelic spin--
a ring of inky disco-avenging angels
with dark devilish grins.

{Laughter}

Trane was blowin' lovely in the sky;
the yellow and green figurines began to fly;
Afro-angels drivin' Cadillac chariots passed by...
Ru- fus was feel-
in' high
and then Mary Jane vanished.

Leavin' Rufus
once again
to search for her in the city
while evading those screaming sirens
and nightsticked
Blues on the corner.

—MARVIN D. HEATH

Afternoon Breezes

Grandfather sits outdoors
Alone,
On his tall, wooden front steps
(Which once upon a time he built)
In his Fruit of the Looms T-shirt,
The same he wore yesterday
(And the day before that)
In the suffocating
South Georgia heat
"Cause it's cooluh out heeyuh
Dan in duh house."

Sweat trickles down
His sunken cheeks;
Beads trace
The bent form of his back
As he sits--
Old, fragile, frail--
Listening
To the electric buzz of crickets,
Staring
At the maturing sky,
Feeling
The grass grow yellow and die.

Five steps up he sits,
So high
That he has to climb down.
If he falls,
he will die;
But he sits there anyway
For the duration of the dry season
Teetering on the brink--
Because it makes him happy
To reminisce about spring's
Vivid pink azalea blooms
Even though they are now
Shriveled and dry.

Veins visible,
Bones contending with skin
At every joint,
He hums a hymn he learned
During the Depression.
Aching, arthritic--
He climbs down one step
And it creaks
As he wonders
When was the last time
He heard Goldie's
Wind chimes.

The blazing white sun
Rides high overhead
As he chews
On a thin shaft of grass
And daydreams
Of Grandma and those
Afternoon breezes,
Sipping on cool lemonade,
Rolling the frosty glass
Across his wrinkled forehead,
Watching the pines sway.

--Marvin D. Heath

Eclipse

While listening
to the lavender lips (with
flaming auburn afro/ supernova/ bossa nova (in
zodiacal cobalt earrings and
lustrous moonsuit mini))
blurb some blue music/ astrophonic/ vibraphonic (about how her
neighbor's3-storyatrium&newAsianroomout-
shoneherfather's2-storyatrium&lackthereof
and how her
sequinedgownfromSierraLeonemaynotmakeitback-
intimeforthegovernor'sballforcinghertowearsome-
domesticAnneKleinemass-productioninstead)
i noticed my proletarian reflection in the
shallow inky pools of her eyes
looked at the metallic crescent hanging by Orion's belt in the
dusty purple sky and wondered...
if i took her silver anklet
and tossed it at the moon
would it clink?
or would it fall
onto deaf ears?

--Marvin D. Heath

DEEP CENTER

Within
underneath skin
past layers of tissue and bone
entwined in, in, in...
there is a place
where you can undress and examine all the wounds.

Inside
flowing freely
swaying with the path
move toward that quiet space that offers a garden called peace
where you can fall into the Creator's perfect plan.

Deep center
focusing on the inner silence
you can breathe
exhaling the impurities in your soul
breathe
making room for the cleansing vibration of oxygen
tickling your nose
hairs.
Breathe
expanding your center
filling it with an abundance of...

breathe...deep...center

All that you seek is there:

center

Ronel ...

Before He realized

Slanted eye black boy
grabs gun
pulls trigger
pushing bullets
between my niggas
mind
heaping new knowledge
of death
upon his
life

screams cease
tears
flee froom my...
stop

tears flee from my
what

oops dont care
pick bones
from my clothes
why he have to die
no why he have to die
right next to me
Blood stains
my shirt
his blood stains
my shirt
my nigga
fucked up my clothes
no that nigga fucked
up my clothes

slanted eye black boy
see's

pulls trigger
2nd time
forcing recent
thoughts of death
between my eyes

SATANIUS

APA PsycNET®

I wait here at this corner often

Wating for the bus to take me away

Most times I have to wait, the bus is almost never on time

Sometimes I'm running, literally down the hill to get here
before the bus goes by

Then there are those days when it runs ahead of schedule
and I watch as it zooms by

TOO far away to catch

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TOO far away to catch

Sunshine Makes Me Itch.

This has become an
uncomfortable
state of approval
killing for mass attention of the
minimum wage worker
congress passed a law

wonder who's equal in the race to space
only the poor will
survive
Screamed the demon in the
sky with flowers
baring gifts of truth and injustice
Amen. Amen A, A, Amen

Saying "yes" to the
silicone implants
in my
chest x-ray state
that something is poisoning my
system.

Have you notice how funny the water has been
tasting lately

how much does it cost
to get clean air in the
projects stuck
ten feet up in the
stale hemisphere.
This is a thing
called life to
the pro-life-ers
deciding when i should

have his baby.
Pa wants a brand
new womb
to grow up in.
What is the real
phone number for help
bellowed the now decease 911
emergency victim

Satanius Stamper
@ January 1995

Something Makes Me Itch.

This has become an
uncomfortable
state of approval
hiding for mass attention of the
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congress passed a law

wonder who's equal in the race to space
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Pa wants a beard
new wound
to grow up in
What is the real
phone number for help
bellowed the new decrees 911
emergency victim

Saianiu Stamper
@ January 1995

And we made
sweet watermelon love
our bodies meshed
minds blurred
names called
Oops not yours!

Damn, i was remembering
a time when i
made love so
slow
on a night just
like tonight
for some reason it slipped
my mind
that it wasn't
u

When I Grow Up...

i sucked cold milk from
a ex-heroin now
turn prostitutes breast,
how one becomes an ex-junkie

i do not know.

Hatred, bitterness an self-loath warmed my stomach as
my forming mind
turned into nothing.

Gouged on a new foundation
i hoe strolled with my
mother at the ripe old
age of 16.

Caressing my body selling
used goods
my mother causes me to panic as
a trick with a
broken down pick-up
slows down to peruse
our wears,

Knocked her down
cause money
only can go
so far

i climbed into the back
feeling trapped
by guilt cause

she is still
my mother.

Get back real quick
pathetic trick didnt
understand
that i wont
come home to meet
his wife.
aint trying to be
killed paying bills

When I Grew Up...

i sucked cold milk from
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Get back real quick
pathetic trick didnt
understand
that i wont
come home to meet
his wife
aint trying to be
killed paying bills

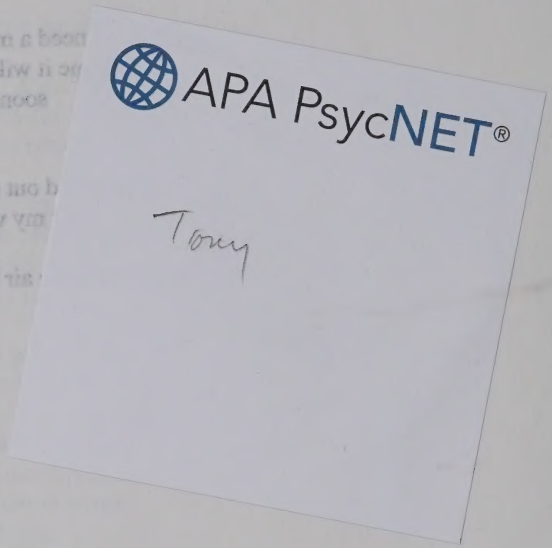
for an apartment lacking heat.

Mother made me cry
as i realized that i be
nothin'
without she.

Cant turn a profit
like she can
i need a man to
tell me it will be real
soon.

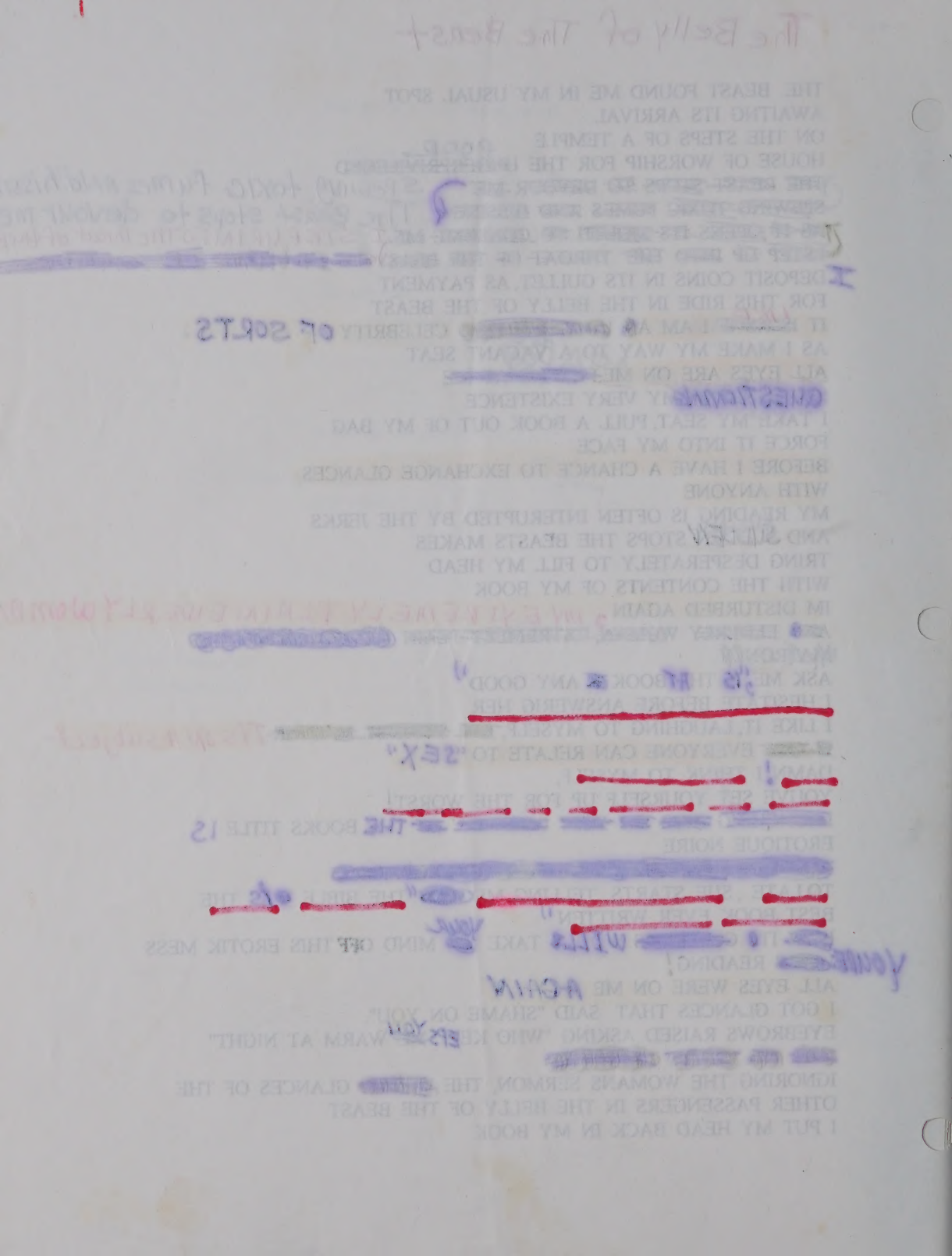
Broke and out on the street
i slit my wrist
with my own teeth
allowing clean air to blow thru.

Satanius Stamper
@ January 1995


APA PsycNET®
Tony

The Belly of The Beast

THE BEAST FOUND ME IN MY USUAL SPOT
AWAITNG ITS ARRIVAL
ON THE STEPS OF A TEMPLE
HOUSE OF WORSHIP FOR THE POOR
~~THE BEAST STOPS TO DEVOUR ME~~
~~SPEWING TOXIC FUMES AND HISSING~~
Spewing toXIC fumes AND hissing
The Beast stops to devour me
~~AS IT OPENS ITS MOUTH TO CONSUME ME~~
~~I STEP UP INTO THE THROAT OF THE BEAST~~
I STEP UP INTO The Throat of the Beast
I DEPOSIT COINS IN ITS GULLET, AS PAYMENT
FOR THIS RIDE IN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST
IT ~~EAST~~ LIKE I AM A ~~CROWNED~~ CELEBRITY OF SORTS
AS I MAKE MY WAY TO A VACANT SEAT
ALL EYES ARE ON ME, ~~PICKING AT ME~~
~~SUBTLY~~ QUESTIONING MY VERY EXISTENCE
I TAKE MY SEAT, PULL A BOOK OUT OF MY BAG
FORCE IT INTO MY FACE
BEFORE I HAVE A CHANCE TO EXCHANGE GLANCES
WITH ANYONE
MY READING IS OFTEN INTERUPTED BY THE JERKS
AND ~~SUDDEN~~ STOPS THE BEASTS MAKES
TRING DESPERATELY TO FILL MY HEAD
WITH THE CONTENTS OF MY BOOK
IM DISTURBED AGAIN, AN EXTREMELY PLAIN ELDERLY WOMAN
~~AN ELDERLY WOMAN, EXTREMELY PLAIN~~ ~~[illegible]~~
~~MATRONLY~~
ASK ME, "IS THAT BOOK ANY GOOD"
I HESITATE BEFORE ANSWERIG HER
I LIKE IT, LAUGHING TO MYSELF, ~~[illegible]~~ Its ON A subject
~~[illegible]~~ EVERYONE CAN RELATE TO "SEX"
DAMN! I THINK TO MYSELF,
YOUVE SET YOURSELF UP FOR THE WORST!
~~LAUNCHING INTO MY BEST DELIVERY OF THE~~ BOOKS TITLE IS
EROTIQUE NOIRE
~~IN AN EFFORT TO STOP HER BEFORE SHE STARTS~~
TO LATE, SHE STARTS TELLING ME ~~HOW~~ "THE BIBLE ~~IS~~ IS THE
BEST BOOK EVER WRITTEN"
~~HOW IT CONTINUES~~ WOULD TAKE Your MIND OFF THIS EROTIK MESS
YOUVE ~~WAS~~ READING!
ALL EYES WERE ON ME AGAIN
I GOT GLANCES THAT SAID "SHAME ON YOU",
EYEBROWS RAISED ASKING "WHO KEEPS YOU WARM AT NIGHT"
~~AND OR LOOKS CONCERN~~
IGNORING THE WOMANS SERMON, THE ~~OTHERS~~ GLANCES OF THE
OTHER PASSENGERS IN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST
I PUT MY HEAD BACK IN MY BOOK



WHY CANT PEOPLE MIND THEIR OWN BUISNESS
WHY CANT I KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT
AFTER ALL THIS IS THE BELLY OF THE BEAST
ALL WHO HAVE COINS FOR THE FARE
WILL GLADLY BE DEVOURED

THE BEAST FOUND ME IN MY USUAL SPOT
AWAITNG ITS ARRIVAL
ON THE STEPS OF A TEMPLE
HOUSE OF WORSHIP FOR THE UNDERPRIVILEGED
THE BEAST STOPS TO DEVOUR ME
SPEWING TOXIC FUMES AND HISSING
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I STEP UP INTO THE THROAT OF THE BEAST
DEPOSIT COINS IN ITS GULLET, AS PAYMENT
FOR THIS RIDE IN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST
IT IS AS IF I AM AN UNACKOWLDED CELEBRITY
AS I MAKE MY WAY TO A VACANT SEAT
ALL EYES ARE ON ME,PICKING AT ME
SCRUTINIZING MY VERY EXISTENCE
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I GOT GLANCES THAT SAID "SHAME ON YOU",
EYEBROWS RAISED ASKING "WHO KEPT ME WARM AT NIGHT"
AND ALL THINGS INBETWEEN
IGNORING THE WOMANS SERMON, THE VARIED GLANCES OF THE
OTHER PASSENGERS IN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST
I PUT MY HEAD BACK IN MY BOOK

THE BEAST FOUND ME IN MY USUAL SPOT
AWAITNG ITS ARRIVAL
ON THE STEPS OF A TEMPLE
HOUSE OF WORSHIP FOR THE UNDERPRIVILEGED
THE BEAST STOPS TO DEVOUR ME
SPEWING TOXIC FUMES AND HISSING
AS IT OPENS ITS MOUTH TO CONSUME ME
I STEP UP INTO THE THROAT OF THE BEAST
DEPOSIT COINS IN ITS GULLET, AS PAYMENT
FOR THIS RIDE IN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST
IT IS AS IF I AM AN UNACKOWLDED CELEBRITY
AS I MAKE MY WAY TO A VACANT SEAT
ALL EYES ARE ON ME,PICKING AT ME
SCRUTINIZING MY VERY EXISTENCE
I TAKE MY SEAT, PULL A BOOK OUT OF MY BAG
FORCE IT INTO MY FACE
BEFORE I HAVE A CHANCE TO EXCHANGE GLANCES
WITH ANYONE
MY READING IS OFTEN INTERUPTED BY THE JERKS
AND SUDDEN STOPS THE BEASTS MAKES
TRING DESPERATELY TO FILL MY HEAD
WITH THE CONTENTS OF MY BOOK
IM DISTURBED AGAIN
AND ELDERLY WOMAN, EXTREMELY PLAIN BUT NONE THE LESS
MATRONLY
ASK ME IF THE BOOK IS ANY GOOD
I HESITATE BEFORE ANSWERIG HER
I LIKE IT, LAUGHING TO MYSELF, THE SUBJECT MATTER
IS ONE EVERYONE CAN RELATE TO
DAMN, I THINK TO MYSELF,
YOUVE SET YOURSELF UP FOR THE WORST
LAUNCHING INTO MY BEST DELIVERY OF THE BOOKS TITLE
EROTIQUE NOIRE
IN AN EFFORT TO STOP HER BEFORE SHE STARTS
TO LATE , SHE STARTS TELLING ME HOW THE BIBLE WAS THE
BEST BOOK EVER WRITTEN
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WHY CANT PEOPLE MIND THEIR OWN BUISNESS
WHY CANT I KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT
AFTER ALL THIS IS THE BELLY OF THE BEAST
ALL WHO HAVE COINS FOR THE FARE
WILL GLADLY BE DEVOURED

WHY CANT PEOPLE MIND THEIR OWN BUSINESS
WHY CANT I KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT
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THE RIDE THOUGH OFTEN ROUGH IS ALWAYS EVENTFUL
THE BEASTS COMES TO A SCREECHING HALT
AT ONE OF 3 STOPS, HERE IN THE MIDST OF
THESE HOUSES OF PAIN
TEENAGE KIDS HAVE INVADED THE BEAST BELLY
EVERYONE TENSES UP; WE ARE TREATED TO LOCAL
INTERPERPATIONS OF THE LATEST RAP HITS
AND THE VERY DOPEST OF " YO MAMA" JOKES
5 BLOCKS AND WHAT SEEMS LIKE 30 MINUTES LATER
THE BEAST SPITS US OUT
WE WALK HURRIEDLY, LIKE CATTLE BEING HERDED TO SLAUGHTER
WE EXCHANGE GLANCES, FOR THE LAST TIME, TAKING IN THE
PRESENCE OF THOSE WHO SHARED THE RIDE
IN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST
I JAM MY FINGER IN MY BOOK AS I WALK ALONG BESIDE THE
OTHERS
AS WE CLEAR THE LABRINTH TO MAKE THE REST OF OUR JOURNEY
COMPLETE
I FIND A SPOT WHERE I CAN GET BACK TO MY BOOK
ACROSS THE TRACKS , A MOTHER TRIES TO ANSWER THE 50
SOMETHING QUESTIONS HER 5YR OLD ASK IN RAPID SUCCESSION
NEVER ONCE STOPPING FOR AIR OR TO GET A RESPONSE
FROM HIS MOTHER
A BVROTHER APPROACHES ME FROM THE SIDE, I TURN TO FACE
HIM
"MY BROTHER, WHAT DO YOU NEED-A SHAVER, CLIPPERS,
SUNGLASSES,A WATCH? I ANMSWER NO TO ALL OF THE ABOVE
" YOU NEED SOME GOLD? I GOT THAT GOLD RIGHT HERE MY
BROTHER
MY EYES TELL THE BROTHER I WISH NOT TO BE BOTHERED

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A GUST OF WIND ANNOUNCES THE ARRIVAL OF A DIFFERENT KIND OF BEAST
ONE THAT HOLDS MORE PEOPLE AND USES TRACKS AS IT MEANS OF MOBILITY
ITS DOORS OPEN WITH A SUDDENESS,
AS IT EXUMES ITS BELLYS CONTENTS
ANMD HUNGRILY AWAITS FOR OTHERS TO FILL
THE VOID THEY LEAVE
SEATED COMFORTABLE I PUSH BACK THE PAGE MY FINGER IS HOLDING IN THE BOOK
LOUD THUNDEROUS UNNERVING NOISES COME FROM BEHIND ME
KILL. KILL, KILL!!
THIS RATHER SPACED OUT LOOKING BROTHER SCREAMS
KILL THE WHITE FOLKS, BLOW THEIR BRAINS OUT
KILL THE MUTHERFUCKERS
THE WOMAN, WHO IS WHITE SDITTING IN FRONT OF ME
IS TRING TO TUNE THE BROTHER OUT
I CLOSE MY BOOK AS A SISTAH HITS THE INTERCOM
ALERTING THE COWBOY IN THE BEAST SADDLE,
OF THE DISTURBANCE
AS THE BROTHER IS BEING REMOVED FOR THE BEAST BELLY
I WONDER WHY THE SISTAH RATTED AND THE WHITE FOLKS SAT IN TERROR
WAS IT BECAUSE THE BROTHER WAS SAYINGWHAT WASON HER MIND
WAS IT BECAUSE SHE THOUGHT SHE WAS DOING THE RIGHT THING
OR WAS SHE JUST ANOTHER WANNA BE,SELL OUT, CAUGHT UP IN
ASSIMILATING SISTAH,WITH ONLY COLOR TO TELL YOU SHES BLAK
I SHUT MY BOOK, THINKING TO MYSELF
THERE IS NO REST THE WEARY
AND THE WICKED WILL NEVER CEASE FROM WANDERING
THIS BOOK WILL NOT GET READ TODAY

Tony D.

3.

Tony D.

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A GUST OF WIND ANNOUNCES THE ARRIVAL OF A DIFFERENT KIND OF BEAST
ONE THAT HOLDS MORE PEOPLE AND USES TRACKS AS IT MEANS OF MOBILITY
ITS DOORS OPEN WITH A SUDDENESS,
AS IT EXUMES ITS BELLYS CONTENTS
ANMD HUNGRILY AWAITS FOR OTHERS TO FILL
THE VOID THEY LEAVE
SEATED COMFORTABLE I PUSH BACK THE PAGE MY FINGER IS HOLDING IN THE BOOK
LOUD THUNDEROUS UNNERVING NOISES COME FROM BEHIND ME
KILL. KILL, KILL!!
THIS RATHER SPACED OUT LOOKING BROTHER SCREAMS
KILL THE WHITE FOLKS, BLOW THEIR BRAINS OUT
KILL THE MUTHERFUCKERS
THE WOMAN, WHO IS WHITE SDITTING IN FRONT OF ME
IS TRING TO TUNE THE BROTHER OUT
I CLOSE MY BOOK AS A SISTAH HITS THE INTERCOM
ALERTING THE COWBOY IN THE BEAST SADDLE,
OF THE DISTURBANCE
AS THE BROTHER IS BEING REMOVED FOR THE BEAST BELLY
I WONDER WHY THE SISTAH RATTED AND THE WHITE FOLKS SAT IN TERROR
WAS IT BECAUSE THE BROTHER WAS SAYINGWHAT WASON HER MIND
WAS IT BECAUSE SHE THOUGHT SHE WAS DOING THE RIGHT THING
OR WAS SHE JUST ANOTHER WANNA BE,SELL OUT, CAUGHT UP IN
ASSIMILATING SISTAH,WITH ONLY COLOR TO TELL YOU SHES BLAK
I SHUT MY BOOK, THINKING TO MYSELF
THERE IS NO REST THE WEARY
AND THE WICKED WILL NEVER CEASE FROM WANDERING
THIS BOOK WILL NOT GET READ TODAY

The beast found me in my usual spot
Awaiting its arrival
On the steps of a temple, house of worship for the underprivldged
The beast stops to devour me, spewing toxic fumes and hissing as it opens it mouth to consume me
I step up into the throat of the beast and deposit coins in its gullet, as payment for this ride in the belly of the beast
IT is iff Im an unacknowledged celebrity, as I make my way to a vacant seat
All eyes are on me, picking at me, scrutinizing my very exitence
I take my seat pull a book out of my bag, force it into my face before I have a chance to exchange glances with anyone
My reading is often interupted by the jerks and sudden stops the beast makes
Tring desparately to fill my head with the contents of my book, Im disturbed again
An elderly woman, extremely plain but none the less matronly, asks me iff the book is any good
I hesitate before answering her
I like it, laughing under my breath, the subject matter is one everyone can relate to
Damn I think to myself, youve set yourself up for the worst
Launching into my best delivery of the books title, Erotique Noire a effort to stopher before she gets started
TOO late, she starts t elling me how the Bible was the best book ever written, how its contents would t ake my mind off this sex trash Erotique Noire I was reading
All eyes were again on me
I got glances that said shame on you and eyebrows raised that asked who kept me warm at night, and all things in betweem
Ignoring the womans sermon and the varied glances of the other passengers in the belly of the beast i put my eyes back into the pages of my book
Why cant people mind their own buisness, why cant I keep my mouth shut
After all this is the belly of the beast, all who have coins for the fare will gladly be devoured
~~The color of your skin the beast does not see~~

PART I

The ride though often rough is always eventful
The beast comes to a screaching halt @ one of 3 stops here in the midst of these houses of pain
Teenage kids have invaded the beast belly
Everone tenses up as we are treated to local interpertations of the latest rap hits and the very dopest of Yo Mama jokes
5 Blocks and what seems like 30 minutes later the beast spits us out

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The color of your skin the beast does not see

We WALK hurriedly like CATTLE being herded to slaughter
We exchange glances for the LAST time, taking in the presence of those that shared the ride in the belly of the beast
I jam my finger in my book AS I WALK ALONG beside the others
As we clear the labyrinth to make the rest of our journey complete, I find a spot where I can get back to my book
ACross the tracks, a mother tries to answer the 50 something questions her 5yr ASKS in rapid succession
Never once stopping for air or to get a response from his mother

PART 2

A brother approaches me from the side, I turn to face him
My brother what do you need - a shaver, clippers, sunglasses, a watch, I answer no to all of these but, you need some gold - got that gold right here my brother
My eyes tells the brother I wish not to be bothered
A gust of wind announces the arrival of a different kind of beast
One that holds more people and uses tracks as its means of mobility

PART 3

Its doors open with a suddenness, as if exames its bellys contents and hungrily awaits for others to fill the void they leave
Seated, comfortable I push back the page my finger is holding in the book
Loud thunderous unnerving noises come from behind me

PART 3

Kill, Kill, Kill! This rather ~~frightful~~ spaced out looking brother screams
Kill the white folks, ~~they stole~~ blow their brains out
Kill the motherfuckers
The woman, who is white sitting in front of me is trying to tune the brother out
His rage is too large his voice too loud to be tuned out
I close my book as a sister hits the intercom to ~~alert the~~ Alert the ~~dead~~ cowboy in the beast saddle, of the disturbance
As the brother is being removed for the beast belly
I wonder why the sistah ~~called~~ rattled and the white folks sat in terror
Was it because the brother was saying what was on her mind
Was it because she thought she was doing the right thing
Or was she just another wannabee, sell out, caught up in assimilating sista with only skin color to tell you shes black
I shut my book chuckling to my self there is NO rest for the weary, and the wicked will never cease from wandering
This book will not get read TODAY

This book will not get read TODAY

Never cease from wondering

No rest for the weary; send the uncles a will

I shut my book distorting to my self there is

shes black

Why was she just reading numbers, still only caught

up in passion fading sighs with only shivers to tell you

Why it's because she dances the night

away

Was it because the Bradley uncs saying what uncs

on her mind

Was it because the Bradley uncs saying what uncs

to lies sat in terror

I wonder why the sistah ~~hated~~ yanked and dragged white

Ms the Bradley is being removed for the beast-belly

~~dress~~ cowboy in the beast saddle of the distinguished

I close my book as a sister hits the ~~bathroom~~ bedroom floor

out

This rage is too large his voice too loud to be silenced

The warmth, which is shining from of me is trying to

tame the brothers out

Kill the modern murderer

Kill two white trolls, ~~they stole~~ blow their brains out

Kill, kill, kill! This rhyme ~~repeated~~ following brother screams

DARKNESS DEFINED

WE STOOD ON THE EDGE OF A CLIFF
HIGH IN THE HILLS OF DESOLATIONS
LOOKING DOWN INTO THE LAKE OF FIRE
WHERE THE BEAST STOOD /EYES FOCUSED AHEAD
THICK SULFUROUS WINDS ROSE HIGH IN THE MIDNIGHT SKY
BODIES BATTERED, WEAK, WORN, AND DISEASE STRICKEN
TREMBLED IN THE CURRENT OF SUCH FOUL BREEZES
WE BEGAN TO DESCEND MINDLESSLY TOWARDS THE LAKE
OUR CHILDREN CRIED OUT IN AGONY AND PAIN
THERE BOTTLES FILLED WITH CRACK / NO TRACES OF SIMIAC
TO NOURISH THEIR BLOATED, LOVE STARVED EXISTENCES
THE ELDERS AWAIT OUR ARRIVAL NEAR THE BANKS OF THE LAKE
THEY HAVE COME TO TRY AND STOP THE INEVITABLE
AS WE STEP INTO THE CORROSIVE WATERS OF THE LAKE
VILE MASSES OF PUTRID SUBSTANCES SPEW FROM OUR MOUTHS
SOULS IN ONE HAND / CHILDREN IN THE OTHER
FORSAKING LIFE RECKLESSLY / WE SURRENDER
WITHOUT A FIGHT TO THE NEW WORLD ORDER
HAVING NO REAL VALUE LEFT / SOULLESS/ CHILDLESS
CHAOS PITS BROTHER AGAINST/ BROTHER/ SISTER AGAINST / SISTER
THE FLAMES RAGE HIGH , BURN DEEP SEARING FLESH
MINDS, CONSCIENCE/SUBCONSCIOUS
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THE STEAM OF ITS UNRAVELING PIERCES HOLES IN
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THE BEAST SMILED
THEY TURN TO WANDER
TO WAIT ON A SIGN
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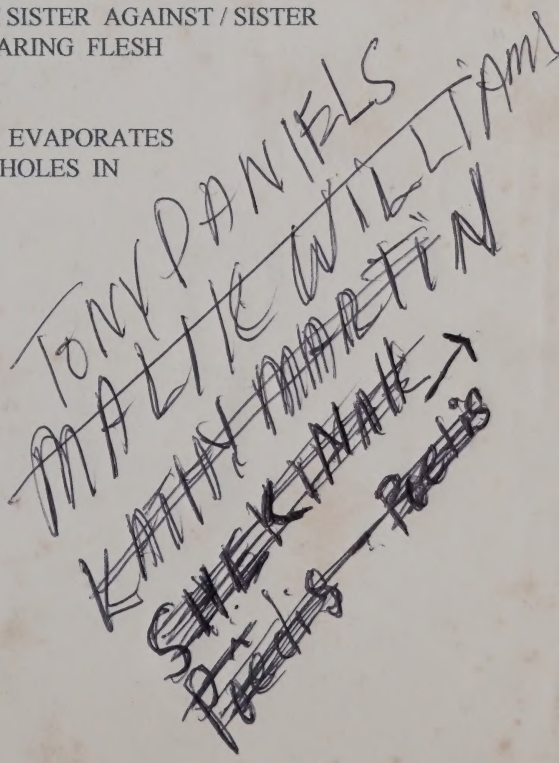
TONY DANIELS 1/95
AFROBEATS



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AEROBEATS

IM BADD

NAW -IM AN ORIGINAL NIGGAH
YALL AINT GONNA MEET TO MANY MUTHERFUCKERS LIKE ME
IM BADD
THATS WITH 2 DS
THATS FOR ALL YOU ASSHOLES WHO CANT SPELL
OH, YALL SPOSED TO BE MADD NOW
I DONT GIVE A FUCK!
GET MADD! MAYBE YALL A LEARN SOMAN
NOW IMA TELL YOU WHO THE FUCK I AM
IM A BITCH, IM A HOE, IM A SLUT, IM A NIGGAH, IM A DOG
IM A BASTARD, IM A TEASE, IM A PIMP, IM A PROSTITUTE
IM BADD
IM A LIAR, IM A THIEF, IM A FOOL
IM BADD
IM NOT TO BE TRUSTED
IM NOT TO BE TREATED LIKE A FRIEND
DONT INVITE ME OVER FOR DINNER
DONT SUGGEST WE DO LUNCH
IM BADD
THATS WITH 2 DS
YOU STILL DONT GET IT, DO YOU?
LET ME MAKE IT SIMPLE FOR YOU.
IM THE KINDA NIGGAH THATLL SELL HIS ASS FOR CRACK
I HAVE NO PRIDE
IM THE KINDA HOE THATLL SIT FRONT ROW CENTER
LEGGS GAPED WIDE OPEN, NO DRAWS ON EVERY 1ST SUNDAY
I HAVE NO SHAME
ILL STEAL FROM ROSA PARKS
ILL LIE TO JESUS
ILL MOVE IN YOUR SISTAHS HOUSE, WONT WORK, SCREW HER CHILDREN, FUCK HER WHEN I WANT TO, LAY ON THE SOFA AND WATCH TV ALL DAY,EAT LIKE A KING, TEAR DOWN HER SELF ESTEEM, SIT BACK AND WATCH HER GIT FAT
I DONT BE CARING
I DONT GIVE A FUCK ABOUT NOBODY
IM A JEW, IM AN ASIAN, IM AN AFRICAN, IM A MUSLIM,
IM A CATHOLIC, IM A CHRISTAN, IM A BUDDIST
YOU BETTER LEARN TO IDENTIFY ME WITH A QUICKNESS
YOUR LIFE COULD DEPEND ON HOW QUICKLY YOU KNOW ME
I AM BA-D-D
IM SCUM, IM ALONE, IM HURTING
IM BADD
I HAVE RUINED EVERY GOOD THANG IVE EVER HAD
MY MOM DONE GAVE UP ON ME,

MY SISTAHS DONE TOOK OUT WARRANTS ON ME
CANT EVEN VISIT FOR THE HOLIDAYS
MY BROTHERS THEY GONNA KILL ME
IF THEY EVER CATCH MY ASS
I COULD SHIFT THE BLAME, I COULD DO MY
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TONY D.
AFROBEATS 1994(11)

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MY BROTHERS THEY GONNA KILL ME
IF THEY EVER CATCH MY ASS
I COULD SHIFT THE BLAME, I COULD DO MY
FAMOUS CON GAME
THE FACTS WOULD STILL REMAIN THE SAME
I AM B A D D

IM BADD

NAW -IM AN ORIGINAL NIGGAH
YALL AINT GONNA MEET TO MANY MUTHERFUCKERS LIKE ME
IM BADD
THATS WITH 2 DS
THATS FOR ALL YOU ASSHOLES WHO CANT SPELL
OH, YALL SPOSED TO BE MADD NOW
I DONT GIVE A FUCK!
GET MADD! MAYBE YALL A LEARN SOMAN
NOW IMA TELL YOU WHO THE FUCK I AM
IM A BITCH, IM A HOE, IM A SLUT, IM A NIGGAH, IM A DOG
IM A BASTARD, IM A TEASE, IM A PIMP, IM A PROSTITUTE
IM BADD
IM A LIAR, IM A THIEF, IM A FOOL
IM BADD
IM NOT TO BE TRUSTED
IM NOT TO BE TREATED LIKE A FRIEND
DONT INVITE ME OVER FOR DINNER
DONT SUGGEST WE DO LUNCH
IM BADD
THATS WITH 2 DS
YOU STILL DONT GET IT, DO YOU?
LET ME MAKE IT SIMPLE FOR YOU.
IM THE KINDA NIGGAH THATLL SELL HIS ASS FOR CRACK
I HAVE NO PRIDE
IM THE KINDA HOE THATLL SIT FRONT ROW CENTER
LEGGS GAPED WIDE OPEN, NO DRAWS ON EVERY 1ST SUNDAY
I HAVE NO SHAME
ILL STEAL FROM ROSA PARKS
ILL LIE TO JESUS
ILL MOVE IN YOUR SISTAHS HOUSE, WONT WORK, SCREW HER
CHILDREN, FUCK HER WHEN I WANT TO, LAY ON THE SOFA
AND WATCH TV ALL DAY,EAT LIKE A KING, TEAR DOWN
HER SELF ESTEEM, SIT BACK AND WATCH HER GIT FAT
I DONT BE CARING
I DONT GIVE A FUCK ABOUT NOBODY
IM A JEW, IM AN ASIAN, IM AN AFRICAN, IM A MUSLIM,
IM A CATHOLIC, IM A CHRISTAN, IM A BUDDIST
YOU BETTER LEARN TO IDENTIFY ME WITH A QUICKNESS
YOUR LIFE COULD DEPEND ON HOW QUICKLY YOU KNOW ME
I AM BA-D-D
IM SCUM, IM ALONE, IM HURTING
IM BADD
I HAVE RUINED EVERY GOOD THANG IVE EVER HAD
MY MOM DONE GAVE UP ON ME,

MY SISTAHS DONE TOOK OUT WARRANTS ON ME
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LISTEN GIRL
TO JERENE WITH LOVE

DAMN GIRL!
WHAT YOU SO MADD ABOUT?
WHY YOU SCREAMNING SO LOUD,
WHO PISSED YOU OFF?!
YOU SHOULD HAVE A SMILE ON THAT SWEET FACE.

THAT BEAUTIFUL COCO BROWN SKIN
THOSE SERIOUS HIPS, LORD THOSE LIPS,
SO SWEET AND RIPE
THOSE BABY BROWNS,BATING BOLDLY
LASHES LONG AS MOLASSES ARE SLOW.

YOU ARE DEFINITELY ALL THAT!

I CAN LISTEN TO YOUR ANGER,
I CAN WITNESS YOUR PAIN,
I SEE THROUGH YOUR ANGUISH
JUST TRUST YOURSELF, OPEN UP AGAIN.
LET ME COMFORT YOU GIRL,
LIE IN THESE ARMS BABY,
PUT YOUR HEAD IN THE CENTER OF THIS CHEST
HEAR THAT HEART BEATING, THATS ME;
LISTEN,LISTEN GIRL
HEAR THAT, I KNOW YOU DO
WAIT! LISTEN, SSHH, LISTEN
CAN YOU HEAR THE BEATING OF MY HEART?
PUT YOUR HAND THERE
CLOSE YOUR EYES
LISTEN TO THEM, SSHH, JUST LISTEN
WHEN THEY CONVERGE, THE VOLUME INCREASES,
ONE SLOWS DOWN TO MEET THE OTHER
THE ONLY SOUND IN YOUR HEAD IS OF ONE BEAT,
ONE HEART; THATS US

LISTEN,LISTEN, LISTEN GIRL!

TONY D.
AFROBEATS 1994(11)

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TONY D
APRIL 1994(11)

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TONY D.
AFROBEATS 1994(11)

LISTEN GIRL
TO VERSE WITH LOVE

DAMN GIRL!
WHAT YOU SO MAD ABOUT?
WHY YOU SCREAMING SO LOUD,
WHO PISSED YOU OFF?
YOU SHOULD HAVE A SMILE ON THAT SWEET FACE.

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TONY D.
APROBEATS 1994(U)

Me AND MRS. JONES(CREEPIN)
She came in the door slowly, seductively
As if she needed to even try it with me
MRS JONES was my last fall from grace
She was my last temptation
Imagine what its like
Making love to a beautiful black Black woman
A woman with curves in the most sinful of places
A woman that knows what being female is all about
She removed her stockings one at atime
Right leg thrown over my shoulder
Long, deep mound of sweet-fragrant pussy hairs tickle my nose
Imagine what its like making love to a beautiful black woman
A woman whos promised to another
A woman whos made you forsake all others
Forbitten fruit tasted
Sustanace for a suicidal soul
She lowers her tender, hungry flesh onto my face
My tounge digs deep into the pulp of her Mango
Twatt is the flavour that I savour
She got into a crawl space between reality and fantasy
She flooded the passageways of my consciousness with her presenc
Imagine what its like
Making love to a beautiful black woman

THIS BLAKKNESS

Hey baby reach in here and touch some of this blakkness
Its some serious shit this blakkness
More than just skin deep, this blakkness
ITaint the kinda shit you can hold in your hand
But you can smell it, you can taste it
HELL, you can roll your ass around
in this blakkness
JUS dont go tring to hold on to it or posses it
ITS ours; we own or disown this blakkness
THE remains of what time distance and conspiracy
have left us with
this blakkness

ANTHONY C.DANIELS
1994? (11)
Afro Beats

UNTITLED

Abstract black
nigga, that's what's wrong with you.
Head Jumbled up
with the rare
beep
bop
of your
own thoughts

inbreeding
of the
same old shit
litters
your
CONSCIOUSNESS
Or is
it
Subconscious-ness

Whatever
Abstract black
feel it roll
off a Kiss.
Another label
to straddle
you with
tricks.

Blackness
Just the word
hangs heavy
from
tongues.
life swims in your
head; caressing
cracks and crevices
leaving
slim trails
of miscellaneous
thoughts
or is it
aberations

nigga.
Abstract black
living
For
the
past,
the future,
the whiteman
the blackman
the
the, the ,the
END.

Foreshadowing of
present crushes
yours,mine,
theirs,ours
Imagination.
Stifling
conclusion sit themselves
between
Self
And the person
they want you
to be.
bleak realization
washes over,and over
someone else

Abstract black

UNTITLED

PUT INTO THE VAST UNIVERSE OF ALL THAT IS
BY A MERE THOUGHT
MAN AND WOMAN CONCEIVED YOU
SPIRIT SPOKE INTO THE SHELL THAT IS YOUR BODY
AND GAVE YOU BREATH
FLESH AND BONE WORKED IN UNISOM
TO ANIMATE THE YOU THAT WALKS UPRIGHT
YOUR MIND IS THE CENTER ,THE LINK THAT HOLDS THE KEY
TO ALL THAT YOU WILL EVER BE
UNLOCK THE DOOR
UNBRIDDLE THE BEAST
THOSE FIRST 5 YEARS OF LIFE ARE YOURS
RUN QUICKLY,KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN
AND DO STOP TO SMELL THE ROSES
TRAVELING DOWN THE ALLEYWAYS OF
HUNGER
PESTILENCE
DISEASE
AND GREED
R E M E M B E R
THERE IS KNOWLDGE IN ALL THINGS
GOOD AND BAD ARE ONLY TERMS
MAN USES TO MASK HIS IGNORANCE
KNOWING HOW TO EXTRACT THE NECTAR
FROM THIS FLOWER
WILL DETERMINE WHO YOU ARE
KEEP TO THE PATH N-E-V-E-R ABONDON
THE JOURNEY

TONY D.
AFRO BEATS
(11) 1994

UNTITLED

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AFRO BEATS
(11) 1994

WHAT IS

I AM WHAT I AM
I IS WHAT I IS
I BE WHAT I BE
I DO WHAT I DO
I SAY WHAT I SAY
I FEEL WHAT I FEEL

ALWAYS DOES NOT EXIST
NEVER IS SO COMMON
SOMETIMES IS A CONSTANT
AND TIME WAITS FOR NO MAN

TO LOVE IS TO KNOW PAIN
TO DIE IS TO LIVE AGAIN
TO KILL IS TO HUNGER FOR KNOWLDGE
TO LEARN IS TO RENDER ONESELF DEFENSELESS TO A MILLION EMOTIONS
NAKED BEFORE THE WORLD , YOUR STAGE ,FOR CRITISISIM
TO ERR , THEY SAY IS HUMAN
TO FORGIVE DIVINE

REALITY ONLY EXIST IN THE PRESENCE OF TRUTH
TRUTH IS HTE RAREST OF ALL ELEMENTS IN THE UNIVERSE
ILLUSSION AND FANTASY ARE OUR DYNAMICS TO SURVAL
CREATING THOSE THINGS WE LACK IN VARIED WAYS

THE SUN WILL RISE TO ANOUNCE THE DAWN
THE MOON WILL LUMINATE THE EVENING SKY
WE CRY WHEN WERE SAD
WE REJOICE WHEN WERE GLAD

AND AS THE DAYS GO BY AND WE CEASE TO GROW
NOT ONE KEY TO A SECRET DO WE HOLD

ANTHONY DANIELS

AFRO BEATS 1994 (11)

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ANTHONY TAMBERS

AFRO BEATS 1994 (II)

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TRUTH IS HTE RAREST OF ALL ELEMENTS IN THE UNIVERSE
ILLUSSION AND FANTASY ARE OUR DYNAMICS TO SURVAL
CREATING THOSE THINGS WE LACK IN VARIED WAYS

THE SUN WILL RISE TO ANOUNCE THE DAWN
THE MOON WILL LUMINATE THE EVENING SKY
WE CRY WHEN WERE SAD
WE REJOICE WHEN WERE GLAD

AND AS THE DAYS GO BY AND WE CEASE TO GROW
NOT ONE KEY TO A SECRET DO WE HOLD

ANTHONY DANIELS

APRIL BEATS 1994 (1)

WHAT IS

I AM WHAT I AM
I IS WHAT I IS
I BE WHAT I BE
I DO WHAT I DO
I SAY WHAT I SAY
I FEEL WHAT I FEEL

ALWAYS DOES NOT EXIST
NEVER IS SO COMMON
SOMETIMES IS A CONSTANT
AND TIME WAITS FOR NO MAN

TO LOVE IS TO KNOW PAIN
TO DIE IS TO LIVE AGAIN
TO KILL IS TO HUNGER FOR KNOWLDGE
TO LEARN IS TO RENDER ONESELF DEFENSELESS TO A MILLION EMOTIONS
NAKED BEFORE THE WORLD , YOUR STAGE ,FOR CRITISISIM
TO ERR , THEY SAY IS HUMAN
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AFRO BEATS 1994 (11)

Oct 23 94

Idomage Café → Afro Beats Poetry reading

~~Notes → #one~~

Opening Scene → a afro-cuban dance ~~interpretive~~ fresh stepping high energy start - music could be cued from behind stage
Opening piece is sweet!

#1 → no flow - street wise → really? I do not see it
Bring music down or voice up / poetry is the right!
#2 → Satana needs to exude more confidence
#3 Ms Braided One → I want to hear more from this girl I LIKE HER
#4 interesting concept Red Corner - voice is so sweet I wanna see him
#5 Collaborative effort → one needs to be intense about one another. Brothers voice is deep should be used more effectively (Watch movement, make it have a purpose
#6 No explanations please! subject matter real could be done from backstage
encourage this girl she's got something a handle on her experience, stay off stage more than a point to be made
#7 - the first Brother Mother to Son - better this piece seems to be more appropriate for them

Closing dance 2 girls → troupe must be

Santana Abstract Blk where is her soul does this girl go to find these shit. The girl is bold!
TUK N UP THE MIC

Lubaya → Chillingly real, your stuff has strength

Black is B/ACK → works the audience looks into their eyes tries to convey his thoughts

Ms Braid → damn this girl is hot! Timelyness

Sista - a beautiful piece like her piece needs more drama

these goddamn drums - that Brother that voice
↓
Projection my brother

what did you see Attack of Justice his third eye
ending a piece should let the audience go

Collaborative → Still I Stand →

Ms Moon → Ms Ndye Occilo - GIRL

Ms Spirits → Serious great participation

The girl that danced short hair → nude to talk ~~to talk~~
~~to~~ her kindred soul ~~& & & &~~
bald head! → I liked I understood!

Ending → MS MOON holds her troupe
together with a vision and ~~the~~ adhesive
hand to break dilute or fuck with
these brothers and sisters have talent
and so much ~~talent~~ power.

RAWNESS